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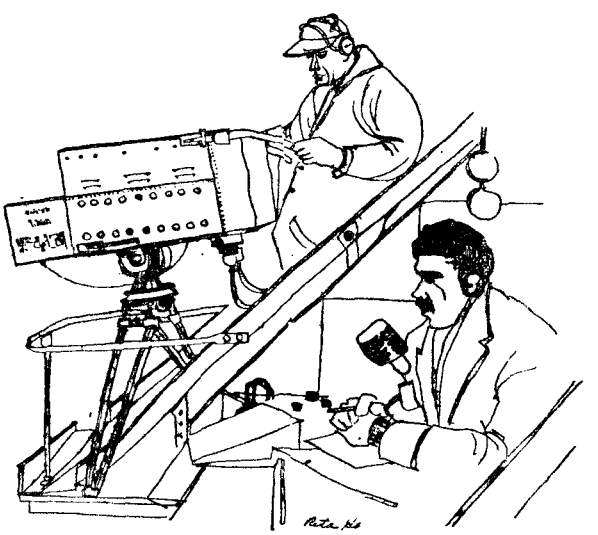
by Marshall McLuhan

News on the Networks

by William Pfaff



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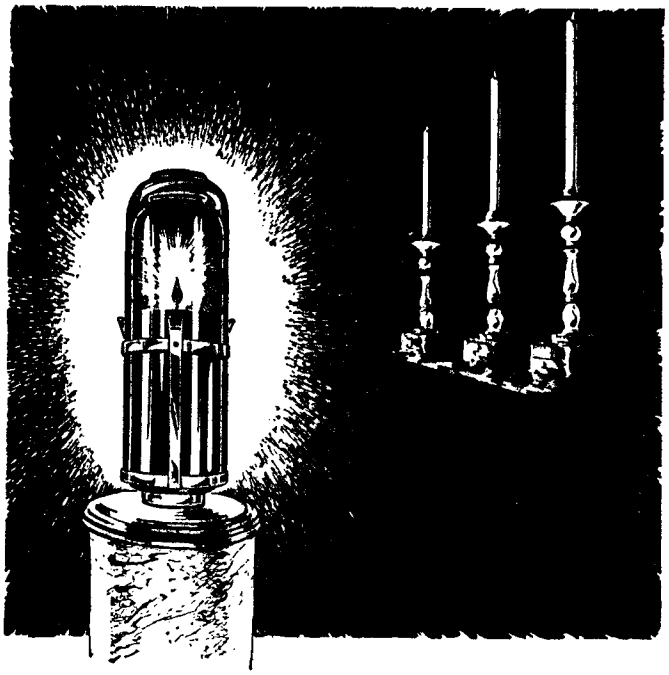

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THE
Commonweal
week by week

POPULAR COMMUNICATIONS

AMONG the categories into which we Americans rejoice to put ourselves are highbrow, middlebrow and lowbrow; upper-middlebrow, lower-middlebrow, upper-highbrow (doubledome), etc. Each of us may resolutely search out his own category and then arrange his defense, finding reasons why he would never belong to any other category. Thus we scorn the egghead (as opposed, presumably, to the mealy potatohead), romanticize the lowbrow, and rationalize the middlebrow. (Or defend the integrity of the highbrow against the shoddy middlebrow. Or defend the honest lowbrow against the phony intellectual. It all depends.)

Our media of mass communication are the agencies most subject to classification. One of the distinguishing marks of one's brow-level is the magazine one reads, or the opinion one holds on Third Programme vs. NBC.

And in the game is ignored the fact which Marshall McLuhan defines in his article in this issue: the fact that the development of mass communications is as radical a cultural change as the invention of movable type, a change which can no more be undone than history can be undone.

Condemnation or rejection of the mass media is monumental sterility. Uncritical defense of them (or romanticizing them) is monumental irresponsibility. Mass communications exist in America today as a revolution which is not, by and large, being understood or directed.

To make a start at understanding, we would offer this generalization: A fundamental crack in the edifice of American popular communications is that professionalism is subordinated to an extrinsic purpose. The networks are more often an advertising medium than a communications medium. Newspapers, most of them, are put out as enterprises rather than as newspapers. There is brilliance in much of what has resulted from this arrangement, but the compromise has more often been fatal.

We do not mean to say that the foundation of American broadcasting, for example, could or should be changed. What can be done is to keep the control of programs themselves in the hands of the professionals, and out of the hands of those who necessarily want to *use* the program for an extrinsic end. Network-control has taken place in television to a greater degree than it did in radio, and radio, now that it finds itself forced into new roles by the pressure of television, is tending now to a greater degree of professional control. But the need is for a tradition within the professional class comparable to that which exists in the press.

A COMPARISON with the newspaper, however, is not altogether happy these days. Great journalism is fading; the colorless product is spreading. It is interesting to look at the American newspapers of great individual character and influence: the Chicago *Tribune*, the New York *Times*, the Hearst papers (particularly in their earlier years), the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, the Emporia *Gazette* —each was or is the product of profound professionalism, of the *newspaperman*, not the entrepreneur. In his history of the New York *Times*, Meyer Berger tells of Adolph Ochs' passion to make the *Times* an institution rather than a business or an organ of opinion. And in contrast to this institutional tradition is the individualist tradition, in some ways an even more valuable characteristic of the American press, and a disappearing one: editors like Ralph McGill, Hodding Carter and William Allen White are a failing breed—they have to be, because the individually-owned newspaper is fast going.

Even Colonel McCormick may be the last of a line (it is notable that he sold his Washington paper to his political opposite, the *Post*, because he did not want his *Times-Herald* to fall into the hands of "amateurs"). Each of these figures was, or is, first of all a newspaperman; each added something important to American life and American journalism. But in the newspaper profession, the tide is running in favor of the namby-pamby syndicate, the noncontroversial enterprise.

In the area of mass-audience magazines, the signs are somewhat more encouraging. There appears to

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be an increasing awareness of the problems of responsibility and the virtues of controversy. Standards are on the upswing, and among editors and writers is a somewhat greater awareness of the implications of the power at their command.

The most hopeful sign in the press is the development of printing techniques which would reduce the costs of publication, for it has been the economic problem which has been killing newspapers, and forcing their merger, and which has made the cost of a paper or magazine an astronomical figure.

Mass communications today are a field of unmatched extremes, of the brilliant and the incredibly cheap, of unparalleled excitement and potentiality. And in this field, more than any other, is influence over the fate of this society's political future. The amount of influence here is terrifying; the amount of responsible understanding is meager.

SETBACK ON HOUSING

PRESIDENT Eisenhower has made very plain his conviction that if the Republican Congress does not enact a positive legislative program it will not deserve re-election. But the habits of twenty years in opposition are hard to break, and many Republican legislators react to Mr. Eisenhower's proposals in much the same fashion as they did to legislation proposed by Presidents Roosevelt and Truman.

A good example of some of the problems that face Mr. Eisenhower on this score is provided by the Administration's housing bill. The President asked for one hundred and forty thousand public housing units during the next four years. This request represented a substantial downward revision from previous goals and one which many observers, including the editors of this magazine, felt to be inadequate for the nation's housing needs. Certainly Mr. Eisenhower's request could not be termed extravagant.

But Republican members of the House Appropriations Committee nevertheless rejected Mr. Eisenhower's requests. Over the strenuous protests of Democratic members, the Committee voted to wind up the program for public housing in two years by limiting new construction to thirty-six thousand units in that period. Even this small number was approved only after the Committee was told that there was already a legal commitment on these units.

Whether or not this will be the end of the matter is uncertain. There are rumors that President Eisenhower will intervene directly in an attempt to save his housing program. And the Democrats are certain to continue their fight to salvage what they can of Mr. Eisenhower's proposals—thus highlighting again the extent to which Mr. Eisenhower is actually dependent upon a coalition for support rather than strictly or even predominantly upon members of his own party. But whatever the outcome of the fight, the fact that the opposition on this important measure comes largely from within the President's own party and so early in his term in the White House is not a hopeful sign for the future.

NEXT WEEK

CHARLES MURAT writes about the impact of French Christians on the Moslems of Morocco.

"When I arrived in Morocco in 1912, I was at the age of simplist solutions in which enthusiasm takes the place of a critical outlook. I was of an age that believes in absolutes in this world. Everything was beautiful, everything perfect: the heavens, the flowers, the picturesque, contended to such a degree in my mind that I was able to formulate only superficial generalizations. At the hour of the *asser,* or common prayer, which is so pleasing to God according to Moslems, as well as Christians, upon seeing the followers of the Prophet prostrating themselves with superb gestures all about me . . . I was seized with an inexpressible feeling of uneasiness: I was ashamed, ashamed to think that through such interior recollection, those who surrounded me were superior to me, having achieved harmony with God. . . ."

STASSEN'S LONDON MISSION

NOW that Americans themselves are experiencing some difficulties in disposing of goods and services, it should be easier to understand the hope aroused among the British and other Europeans by the possibility of increasing their trade with the vast Soviet world. For these nations are far more dependent on their exports than the United States. It might also help understanding over here to recall the fact that the deleterious effects of a recession in this country are multiplied several fold in Britain and Western Europe.

Intensified pressure for markets is on, then, and Soviet negotiators have been making the most of it. Hence Mr. Stassen's mission to Sir Winston Churchill, which has as one of its specific objects the task of persuading the British that it would be better for them even to sell Russia and the satellites some of this year's tanks than to supply the far-flung Com-

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munist empire with certain machine tools.

The view that the USSR makes trade arrangements only in pursuit of long-term political objectives has overwhelming evidence to support it. Present Russian economic propaganda is a case in point. The Soviet system is engaged in building up its military might and industrial capacity in the interests of further world conquest. And in China this build-up is only in the initial stage. To furnish credits, materials and other means for this build-up is obviously suicidal for the Western world. That is not to say that a greater interchange between the two worlds, when it does not supply the Soviet system with things of strategic value, is not generally desirable all-round. For it is far from certain that civilian shortages behind the Iron Curtain will ever lead to an overthrow of the regime. Or that mere food and clothing will advance Communist world domination by making the lives of the Soviet peoples less desperate.

But if the British, for instance, are to abandon what they have been contemplating, and are to stick to the existing embargoes, what is to take up the slack? If Britain is not to go down, there must be an expanding outlet for her products, since a nation can live off its capital for just so long. The solution is not simply a matter of the lower American tariffs that are hard to come by. The possibilities of greatly expanded three-cornered—or even multi-cornered—trade with Latin America and other underdeveloped lands should be seriously looked into. To build up such areas economically would not only be good in itself but is clearly in the common interest.

If we wish Mr. Stassen every success in his efforts to demonstrate to the British the folly of contributing substantially to the Communist war machine, particularly at this juncture, we are hardly satisfied by the delivering of such a warning. We want to know what plans are developing to supply comparable markets for the free-world products that would be shipped East were it not for the NATO embargo. We want to know what is being done to demonstrate to our allies that the United States considers their economic state of health of vital and intimate concern.

"SOCIALIZED MEDICINE"

FEW discussions in recent years have evoked as many anguished cries of "socialism" as attempts to deal with the question of adequate medical care for all. The AMA carried out a very successful, if expensive, campaign against the Democratic Administration's proposals in this field—so much so that for a short period every drugstore seemed to be an arsenal of pamphlets decrying "socialized medicine." At the time such language seemed somewhat extreme, but it was certainly true that men of good will could differ widely on the merits of the proposed National Health Insurance. But when the Republicans were returned to power, it seemed unlikely that the nation would hear much about "socialized medicine" for a while.

To substantiate the conviction that much of the heat would disappear from the question of national medical care, there was Mr. Eisenhower's proposal on the subject. To the observer on the sidelines, the Administration measure seemed to pose certain technical questions, involving as it did the idea of reinsurance for the private health insurance companies. Mr. Eisenhower has always publicly opposed everything that is listed under the general condemnation of "socialized medicine." His idea was to help the private companies extend their coverage, with the aim of providing more extensive care for more people. But although the details of its operation were not crystal-clear, it did seem that Mr. Eisenhower's measure could at most be described as a middle-of-the-road proposal. Certainly it was a far cry from what was sought by those who feel that an important segment of the population is not now receiving adequate medical care.

Recently, however, the United States Chamber of Commerce denounced President Eisenhower's health proposal as a "first step in the direction of socialized medicine." The Chamber's stand is generally considered to mean that the President's program will run into equally strong opposition from some private insurance companies and from the medical profession.

For our part, we have not yet been convinced that the President's proposals come anywhere near dealing with the scope of the problem. So we can hardly be called strong advocates of the measure. But we are quite convinced that simply labelling every proposal "socialized medicine" will solve nothing. More and more, the burden of proof will fall upon those who seem to be against every new suggestion that is made, whatever the source. It is hard to counter something with nothing forever.

The deadline for submitting entries in The Commonweal's one thousand dollar prize essay contest on "The Catholic in a Democratic Society" is April 15. Contest rules appeared in the January 15 and March 19 issues of this magazine. We would like to take this opportunity to express our thanks to the friend of The Commonweal who presented one thousand dollars for the specific purpose of holding this competition.

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A COMMUNIST AMERICA

MILLIONS of unhappy men and women are now living under Communist regimes. Mid-century, Communism is no longer a textbook philosophy, something to argue about, but a political reality, something to avoid like the plague. What would the U.S. be like if suddenly, fantastically, it were turned into a Communist country? I ask myself as one man, one American, why I would hate it. There are many reasons; here are only a few.

I would hate it, first of all, because I am a Catholic. Here in this country, now, I can practice my faith without hindrance. I can go to Church when I please. No one in authority expects me to act against my conscience. I have the usual difficulties in living up to my religion, but when I fail it is my fault. The tolerance which America practices makes it possible for me to fulfill my primary obligations without requiring that I practice heroic virtue. (I would be better off, of course, if I did practice heroic virtue, but I am not at all sure that I'd measure up if I had to, as I would in a Communist country.)

As a Catholic, I want to pass on my faith to my children. I can do that without any difficulty now. In a Communist country, the State would have the full say about how my children were educated. The best I can give my children is to pass on what I believe to be true. Later, they may reject what I have offered them, but I would hate it if I lived in a country where the gift could not be given. As a Catholic, I like America as it is—a place where religious tolerance is practiced. When "anti-Communists" endorse intolerance, I think they must have more in common with Communism than I have.

I would hate a Communist America because I like the free play of political opinion. I like the idea that even when I am woefully wrong about political issues, I can be wrong without political fear. I can shout stupidities from the housetops, and as long as there are enough housetops to go around there will be men shouting wisdom, and other Americans will be able to decide between us. This is something different from being told from above what is wise and what is stupid and having to keep silence unless you agree with the "wisdom" of Party chieftains. I like America as it has been because there is no better place for a wise man nor less vindictive place for the man who has been less-than-wise. It is great to live in a place where you don't have to worry about being right; it is even better to live in a place where you don't have to worry about having been wrong. In a Communist country, it is not a matter of being wrong or right; it is a question of a Party line. When "anti-Communists" endorse punishing people for their mistaken opinions of the past, I think they must have more in common with Communism than I have.

I am a fairly conventional person. I don't always wear a hat, but I decided to go along with the necktie custom years ago. I am not much of a non-conformist, really. I have never cast a vote for one of the minor parties, never belonged to one of the off-beat cults, never written a line for one of the little-magazines. But still I don't like living in a world where conformity is demanded. In a Communist country, one conforms—or else. There are no Greenwich Villages in Moscow. I like America as it is because here you can be eccentric in your clothes, your thinking, your politics and in your choice of cheese.

I like America as it is because Norman Thomas is one of its most respected elder statesmen and the man who wrote "Nature Boy" was once featured in *Life*. I don't think non-conformity is subversive in America, but I do believe that in a general sense it is subversive to demand conformity in the name of democracy and the American tradition. I would hate living in a Communist America because I would hate a country where a man could not cast a protest-vote for the Vegetarian candidate, or publish a short-lived quarterly, or thunder against Columbia University in Columbus Circle and against the CIO in Union Square, or even get on the radio and say the police ought to put a stop to all this non-conformity.

I would hate an America where the non-conformist was deemed guilty of a crime and finally frightened out of existence. Such an America would be a drab, sad, cheerless place—as the Communist countries are. When "anti-Communists" persecute non-conformists and make demands that they get in line, I think these "anti-Communists" must have more in common with Communism than I have.

If you read the *Daily Worker*, you find a pack of lies. You find compassion in the columns of the *Worker*, but there is no compassion in the Communist Party or in the Communist countries. You find passion for social justice in the *Worker's* columns, but there is no such passion in the Communist countries. You find a great concern for little people in the *Worker*, but there is no such concern in the Communist countries. You find defiance of authority in the *Worker*, but the authorities in Communist countries demand groveling obedience. You don't get an idea of what it is to live in a Communist country from the *Worker*. But when you find an intolerant, unforgiving, humorless, militantly conformist paper—often one famous for its "anti-Communism"—then you get an idea of how the *Daily Worker* would read if, God forbid, America should ever turn Communist.

JOHN COGLEY.

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Sight, Sound and the Fury

THE NEW MEDIA OF MASS-COMMUNICATIONS ARE HAVING A REVOLUTIONARY EFFECT ON SOCIETY AND CULTURE

MARSHALL McLUHAN

ON his recent visit to America Roy Campbell mentioned that when Dylan Thomas had discovered he could read poetry on the radio, this discovery transformed his later poetry for the better. Thomas discovered a new dimension in his language when he established a new relation with the public.

Until Gutenberg, poetic publication meant the reading or singing of one's poems to a small audience. When poetry began to exist primarily on the printed page, in the seventeenth century, there occurred that strange mixture of sight and sound later known as "metaphysical poetry" which has so much in common with modern poetry.

American colonization began when the only culture available to most men was that of the printed book. European culture was then, as now, as much an affair of music, painting, sculpture, and communication as it was of literature. So that to this day North Americans associate culture mainly with books. But, paradoxically, it is in North America that the new media of sight and sound have had the greatest popular sway. Is it precisely because we make the widest separation between culture and our new media that we are unable to see the new media as serious culture? Have four centuries of book-culture hypnotized us into such concentration on the content of books and the new media that we cannot see that the very form of any medium of communication is as important as anything that it conveys?

Ireland is perhaps the only part of the English-speaking world where the oral tradition of culture has strongly persisted in spite of the printed page. And Ireland has given us Wilde, Shaw, Yeats, Synge, and Joyce in recent years—all of them masters of the magic of the spoken word. A Ballynooley farmer who returned to Ireland from America said to his neighbor: "In three years I didn't meet a man who could sing a ballad, let alone compose one on his feet."

The printed page was itself a highly specialized (and spatialized) form of communication. In 1500 A.D. it was revolutionary. And Erasmus was perhaps the first to grasp the fact that the revolution was going to occur above all in the classroom. He devoted himself to the production of text-books and to the setting up of grammar schools. The printed book soon liquidated two thousand years of manuscript culture. It created the solitary student. It set up the rule of private interpretation against public disputation. It established the divorce between "literature and life." It created a new and highly abstract culture because it was itself a mechanized form of culture. Today, when the textbook has yielded to the classroom project and the classroom as social workshop and discussion group, it is easier for us to notice what was going on in 1500. Today we know that the turn to the visual on one hand, that is, to photography, and to the auditory media of radio and public address systems on the other hand, has created a totally new environment for the educational process. André Malraux has recently popularized the notion of the art revolution of our time in his *Museum Without Walls*. His theme is that the picture book today can embrace a greater range of art than any museum. By bringing such a range of art within portable compass, however, it has changed even the painter's approach to painting. Again, it is not just a question of message, image, or content. The picture-book as a museum without walls has for the artist a new technical meaning, just as for the spectator, pictorial communication means a large but unconscious shift in his ways of thought and feeling.

WE have long been accustomed to the notion that a person's beliefs shape and color his existence. They provide the windows which frame, and through which he views, all events. We are less accustomed to the notion that the shapes of a technological environment are also idea-windows. Every shape (gimmick or metropolis), every situation planned and realized by man's factive intelligence, is a window which reveals or distorts reality. Today when power technology has taken over the entire global environment to be manipulated as the material of art, nature has disappeared with nature-poetry. And the effectiveness of the classroom has diminished with the decline of the monopoly of

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book-culture. If Erasmus saw the classroom as the new stage for the drama of the printing-press, we can see today that the new situation for young and old alike is classrooms without walls. The entire urban environment has become aggressively pedagogic. Everybody and everything has a message to declare, a line to plug.

This is the time of transition from the commercial age when it was the production and distribution of commodities which occupied the ingenuity of men. Today we have moved from the production of packaged goods to the packaging of information. Formerly we invaded foreign markets with goods. Today we invade whole cultures with packaged information, entertainment, and ideas. In view of the instantaneous global scope of the new media of sight and sound, even the newspaper is slow. But the press ousted the book in the nineteenth century because the book arrived too late. The newspaper page was not a mere enlargement of the book page. It was, like the movie, a new collective art form.

To retrace some of this ground, it will help to recall that in the *Phaedrus,* Plato argued that the new arrival of writing would revolutionize culture for the worse. He suggested that it would substitute reminiscence for thought and mechanical learning for the true dialectic of the living quest for truth by discourse and conversation. It was as if he foresaw the library of Alexandria and the unending exegesis upon previous exegesis of the scholiasts and grammarians.

It would seem that the great virtue of writing is its power to arrest the swift process of thought for steady contemplation and analysis. Writing is the translation of the audible into the visual. In large measure it is the spatialization of thought. Yet writing on papyrus and parchment fostered a very different set of mental habits from those we associate with print and books. In the first place silent reading was unknown until the macadamized, streamlined surfaces of the printed page arrived to permit swift traverse of the eye alone. In the second place, difficulty of access to manuscripts impelled students to memorize so far as possible everything they read. This led to encyclopedism, but also to having on tap in oral discourse one's entire erudition.

The child at school in the Middle Ages had first to make his own copies of texts from dictation. He had next to compile his own grammar and lexicon and commonplace book. The arrival of plenty of cheap, uniform, printed texts changed all this. The mechanization of writing by means of the assembly line of movable type speedily expanded the range of available reading and just as quickly reduced the habit of oral discourse as a way of learning. During the sixteenth century, however, a degree of equilibrium persisted between oral and written learning which we associate with the special excellence of Elizabethan drama, sermon, and poetry.

In the reverse direction, much of the vivid energy of American speech and writing in the twentieth century is the result of the movement away from book-culture towards oral communication. This non-literary direction of speech has been felt to a much smaller degree in England and in Europe during the same period. Radio in particular has encouraged the return to the panel discussion and the round-table. But the spontaneous move towards the seminar and class discussion as learning process has been helped by press and photography too, in so far as these have challenged the monopoly of the book.

Above all, the habits of the business community in demanding conference and discussion as the swift way of establishing insight into method and procedure in various specialized branches of business—these have prompted the new reliance on speech as a means of discovery. It is significant, for example, that the atomic physicists found that only by daily, face-to-face association could they get on with their tasks during the past war.

IT has long been a truism that changes in material culture cause shifts in the patterns of the entire culture. The ancient road made possible armies and empires and destroyed the isolated city states of Greece. But the road depended in the first place on writing. Behind the imperial command of great land areas stood the written word in easily transportable form. In the nineteenth century the newspapers, especially after the telegraph, paid for new roads and faster transport by land and sea. The press altered the forms of government and the telegraph brought secret diplomacy to an end. When events in Egypt or Russia, London, Paris, or New York were known everywhere at once, the time for secret negotiation was reduced to hours and minutes. And the great national populations of the world, alerted and emotionalized by the press, could confront one another immediately for a show-down.

Printing had from the first fostered nationalism because the vernaculars with their large reading publics were more profitable to commercial publishers than Latin. The press has pushed this nationalism to its ultimate point. There it remains. But photography and movies, like music and painting, are international in their power of appeal. The power of pictures to leap over national frontiers and prejudices is well-known, for good and ill.

One aspect of the press deserves special comment in this same respect. The contents of newspapers, their messages and information, have steadily promoted nationalism. But the form of the newspaper page is powerfully inter-cultural and international. The unformulated message of an assembly of news items from every quarter of the globe is that the world today is one city.

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All war is civil war. All suffering is our own. So that regardless of the political line, or the time or the place, the mere format of the press exerts a single pressure. Basic acceptance of this fact is recorded in the steady weakening of interest in political parties everywhere.

From the point of view of its format, the press as a daily cross-section of the globe is a mirror of the technological instruments of communication. It is the popular daily book, the great collective poem, the universal entertainment of our age. As such it has modified poetic techniques and in turn has already been modified by the newer media of movie, radio, and television. These represent revolutions in communication as radical as printing itself. In fact, they are "magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas," on which few of us have yet ventured in thought, art or living. If Erasmus was the first to size up and exploit the printing-press as a new force in art and education, James Joyce was the first to seize upon newspaper, radio, movie, and television to set up his "verbivocovisual" drama in *Finnegans Wake*. Pound and Eliot are, in comparison with Joyce, timid devotees of the book as

art form. But most of the difficulties which the ordinary person encounters with the poetry of Pound and Eliot disappear if it is viewed as a historical newsreel of persons, myths, ideas, and events with thematic musical score built in. Joyce had a much greater trust of language and reality than Pound or Eliot. By contrast they give their language and reality the Hollywood glamor treatment. Joyce is closer to a De Sica film with its awareness of the intimate riches of the most ordinary scenes and situations.

But the reader who approaches Pound, Eliot, and Joyce alike as exploiters of the cinematic aspects of language will arrive at appreciation more quickly than the one who unconsciously tries to make sense of them by reducing their use of the new media of communication to the abstract linear forms of the book page.

The basic fact to keep in mind about the movie camera and projector is their resemblance to the process of human cognition. That is the real source of their magical, transforming power. The camera rolls up the external world on a spool. It does this by rapid still shots. The projector unwinds this spool as a kind of magic carpet which conveys the enchanted spectator anywhere in the world in an instant. The camera records and analyzes the daylight world with more than human intensity because of the forty-five degree angle of the camera eye. The projector reveals this daylight world on a dark screen where it becomes a dream world.

The wonderful resemblance in all this to human cognition extends at least this far: in cognition we have to interiorize the exterior world. We have to recreate in the medium of our senses and inner faculties the drama of existence. This is the work of the *logos poietikos*, the agent intellect. In speech we utter that drama which we have analogously re-created within us. In speech we make or *poet* the world even as we may say that the movie parrots the world. Languages themselves are thus the greatest of all works of art. They are the collective hymns to existence. For in cognition itself is the whole of the poetic process. But the artist differs from most men in his power to arrest and then reverse the stages of human apprehension. He learns how to embody the stages of cognition (Aristotle's "plot") in an exterior work which can be held up for contemplation.

Even in this respect the movie resembles the cognitive process since the daylight world which the camera rolls up on the spool is reversed and projected to become the magical dream world of the audience. But all media of communication share something of this cognitive character which only a Thomist vision of existence and cognition dare do justice to.

Television, for example, differs from the movie in the immediacy with which it picks up and renders back the visible. The TV camera is like the microphone in relation to the voice. The movie has no such immediacy of pick-up and feedback. As we begin to look into the inevitably cognitive character of the various media we soon get over the jitters that come from exclusive concern with any one form of communication.

IN his *Theory of the Film*, Bela Balazs notes how "the discovery of printing gradually rendered illegible the faces of men. So much could be read from paper that the method of conveying meaning by facial expression fell into desuetude. Victor Hugo wrote once that the printed book took over the part played by the cathedral in the Middle Ages and became the carrier of the spirit of the people. But the thousands of books tore the one spirit . . . into thousands of opinions . . . tore the church into a thousand books. The visible spirit was thus turned into a legible spirit and visual culture into a culture of concepts."

Before printing a reader was one who discerned and probed riddles. After printing it meant one who scanned, who skipped along the macadamized surfaces of print. Today at the end of that process we have come

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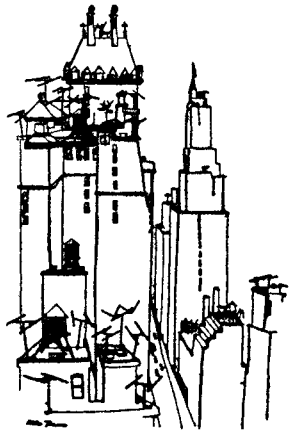
to equate reading skill with speed and distraction rather than wisdom. But print, the mechanization of writing, was succeeded in the nineteenth century by photography and then by the mechanization of human gesture in the movie. This was followed by the mechanization of speech in telephone, phonograph and radio. In the talkies, and finally with TV, came the mechanization of the totality of human expression, of voice, gesture, and human figure in action.

Each of these steps in the mechanization of human expression was comparable in its scope to the revolution brought about by the mechanization of writing itself. The changes in the ways of human association, social and political, were telescoped in time and so hidden from casual observers.

If there is a truism in the history of human communication it is that any innovation in the external means of communication brings in its train shock on shock of social change. One effect of writing was to make possible cities, roads, armies, and empires. The letters of the alphabet were indeed the dragon's teeth. The printed book not only fostered nationalism but made it possible to bring the world of the past into every study. The newspaper is a daily book which brings a slice of all the cultures of the world under our eyes every day. To this extent it reverses the tendency of the printing press to accentuate merely national culture. Pictorial journalism and reportage tend strongly in the same international direction. But is this true of radio? Radio has strengthened the oral habit of communication and extended it, via the panel and round-table, to serious learning. Yet radio seems to be a form which also strengthens the national culture. Merely oral societies, for example, are the ultimate in national exclusiveness.



A group of us recently performed an experiment with a large group of students. We divided them into four sections and assigned each section to a separate communication channel. Each section got the identical lecture simultaneously, but one read it, one heard it as a regular lecture in a studio, one heard it on radio and one heard and saw it as a TV broadcast. Immediately afterwards we administered a quiz to determine apprehension and understanding of this new and difficult material. The TV section came out on top, then the radio section, then the studio, and reading sections at the bottom. This was a totally unexpected result and it is too soon to generalize; but it is quite certain that the so-called mass media are not necessarily ordained to be channels of popular entertainment only.

IT is "desirable" that in thinking about the new media that we should recall that buildings are mass communications and that the first mechanical medium was print from movable type. In fact, the discovery of movable type was the ancestor of all assembly lines, and it would be foolish to overlook the impact of the technological form involved in print on the psychological life of readers. To overlook this would be as unrealistic as to ignore rhythm and tempo in music. Likewise it is only common sense to recognize that the general situation created by a communicative channel and its audience is a large part of that in which and by which the individuals commune. The encoded message cannot be regarded as a mere capsule or pellet produced at one point and consumed at another. Communication is communication all along the line.

One might illustrate from sports. The best brand of football played before fifty people would lack something of the power to communicate. The large enthusiastic crowd is necessary to represent the community at large, just as the players enact a drama which externalizes certain motivations and tensions in the communal life which would not otherwise be visible or available for audience participation. In India huge crowds assemble to experience *"darshan,"* which they consider to occur when they are massed in the presence of a visible manifestation of their collective life.

The new media do something similar for us in the West. Movies, radio, and TV establish certain personalities on a new plane of existence. They exist not so much in themselves but as types of collective life felt and perceived through a mass medium. L'il Abner, Bob Hope, Donald Duck, and Marilyn Monroe become points of collective awareness and communication for an entire society. And as technology increasingly undertakes to submit the entire planet as well as the contents of consciousness to the purposes of man's factive intelligence it behooves us to consider the whole process of magical transformation involved in the media acutely and extensively.

From this point of view it should be obvious, for example, that the framers of the Hollywood morality code were operating with a very inadequate set of perceptions and concepts about the nature of the movie medium. Modern discussions of censorship, in the same way, are helplessly tied to conceptions borrowed from book culture alone. And the defenders of book culture have seldom given any thought to any of the media as art forms, the book least of all. The result is that their "defense" might as well be staged on an abandoned movie lot for all the effect it has on the actual situation.

When I wrote *The Mechanical Bride* some years

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ago I did not realize that I was attempting a defense of book culture against the new media. I can now see that I was trying to bring some of the critical awareness fostered by literary training to bear on the new media of sight and sound. My strategy was wrong, because my obsession with literary values blinded me to much that was actually happening for good and ill. What we have to defend today is not the values developed in any particular culture or by any one mode of communication. Modern technology presumes to attempt a total transformation of man and his environment. This calls in turn for an inspection and defense of all human values. And so far as merely human aid goes, the citadel of this defense must be located in analytical awareness of the nature of the creative process involved in human cognition. For it is in this citadel that science and technology have already established themselves in their manipulation of the new media.

THE PROBLEM OF PARTISANSHIP

News on the Networks

WILLIAM PFAFF

WHEN Samuel F. B. Morse discovered that electric current could be made to actuate a signaling device over long-distance wires, the history of our experiment in democracy was more deeply involved than he could ever have conceived. Communications were revolutionized, and with them, the character of democratic government. Now we can no longer live in contemplative isolation; it is as if we all were on an enormous spider web: when a corner of it is touched, the tension brings all of us poking out of our dens.

A most important trend of our times, produced by the revolution in communications, is a discernible movement away from the constitutional processes of the past. The impact of decisions has moved outward from Congress and the Executive; at the same time the weight of responsibility moves inward as the complexity of issues lessens the number of people qualified to judge them. The President's recent decision to emphasize atomic bombardment in our military strategy was necessarily a decision whose merits could *fully* be judged only by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the National Security Council, and a limited number of Congressional Committee members and Executive and military planners. But the circle of people whose fate is involved in this decision is so enormous that there was an almost irresistible temptation for responsible officials to placate public concern with a public-relations campaign. The issue seemed too secret, too complex. The temptation is gently to coerce the public. This is no new temptation (Walter Lippmann analyzed it thirty years ago in *Public Opinion*), yet the developments in communications and public relations techniques make it a more persuasive one.

But government officials cannot make modern crises any less complex than they actually are; they may attempt to turn a logarithmic equation into a slogan, but in reality it remains a logarithmic equation. So the responsibility falls on the news reporter. He has become the public eye without which there is darkness.

The latest media of the news, radio and television reporting, have several special characteristics which include immediacy (the newspaper "extra" has all but disappeared) and impermanency. The consequences are that radio and television news tends to be simple, frequently superficial; it must be interesting, and often, for the sake of firing interest, is emotional, alloyed with entertainment. Radio and television have the advantage that they cannot very well be listened to selectively: a reader indifferent to foreign news can skip the foreign reports in his newspaper but hardly can avoid hearing those items in a newscast.

There are a limited number of radio frequencies and television channels. Allocated to a private corporation, each frequency or channel provides the opportunity for large profit and larger public influence. The power inherent in the ownership of a station is obvious; the government tries to avoid its misuse by requiring that the station be non-partisan in political matters. These inherent and regulatory characteristics have posed a challenge to newsmen which radio has inadequately met, and television has only begun to deal with.

THE great majority of radio newscasts carry nothing but headlines, with interpolated entertainment—"the lighter side of the news." While a minority of newscasts—the summaries from the networks and larger stations, and the correspondents' round-ups—frequently furnish a more balanced report of *events* than most newspapers, the trouble at the smaller stations is the same trouble as at the smaller newspapers (and

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some which are not so small): inadequate editing. Editors do not know (or care about) their subjects well enough to discriminate between the trivial and the significant, to look for the details which together form the important story, to pay attention to the continuity of a developing story. They publish the most important wire-service reports, handle foreign news cursorily with little attention to the development of stories over several days, and stuff the remainder of the paper or broadcast with features. They hardly attempt to perform the most serious function of the press, which is to interpret and explain the news without permitting partisanship to move from the editorial to the news columns. (And I am speaking here in terms of national and international news; the influence of the press and radio on local news is a different, if not necessarily a happier, story.)

The need for interpretation is responsible for the success of the newsmagazines, which by virtue of their disadvantage in timeliness, deal heaviiy (and ambiguously) in the commodity of interpretation. The newsmagazines and the network news programs are the chief national media of serious news reporting on national and international news; frequently they are the only media available to the person who lives outside the areas of the limited number of good newspapers.

No radio or television newscast can, of course, attempt to provide the service done by the small minority of newspapers which might be described as the professional tools of people involved in the making of international policy in government and business. The New York *Times* and *Herald-Tribune,* the *Christian Science Monitor,* the Washington *Post,* the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* and a few others continue to hold that responsibility. The responsibility of broadcasting is that of considered popularization and the wide distribution of the news.

And this brings us back to the problem of interpretation. Headlines alone, lead paragraphs off the news wire standing alone, are the tools of demagogues. News makes sense only when it is understood in terms of what preceded and what is likely to follow the headline.

Radio and television's answer to this problem of interpretation has taken three forms, two of them distinctively successful: the panel and the documentary. The former is unique to radio and television and possesses the inherent excitement of any argument; the latter is a wedding of drama and news which does things which cannot so well be done in writing. The third form is the news commentary.

IN commentary, the line was drawn during World War II between two policies, one adopted by the American Broadcasting Company (formerly the Blue Network), and the other by the Columbia Broadcasting System. The Mutual Network has followed the same policy as that of ABC. The National Broadcasting Company, harassed by a lack of consistent internal leadership, has since the war been a negligible force in radio news comment, with a few exceptions such as the brilliant Chicago analyst, Clifton Utley.

The ABC-Mutual policy is to permit a commentator to say what he pleases (within the limits of the laws of libel and obscenity; not always, as it has worked out, within the limits of good taste). He may favor candidates, advocate specific courses of action, and attack public figures. The networks make sure that they have commentators of different points of view, representing the major blocs of opinion, who presumably balance out to network impartiality. The theory might be described as an algebraic one of plus and minus canceling out to network zero.

ABC and Mutual offer a variety of commentators, from Fulton Lewis, Jr., and George Sokolsky to Martin Agronski, Frank Edwards and John W. Vandercook. Broadcasts range from sheer opinion, as with Fulton Lewis (who has such violent convictions that he occasionally becomes incoherent), to news with interpolated opinion, as with Elmer Davis. Prejudices aside, the usefulness of these commentators would seem to hinge largely on how seriously they attempt to avoid bias in reporting the actual facts, and on how willing they may be to report and consider the news which does not fit their particular points of view. In each case the commentator has a partisan viewpoint from which he sees the news. And his audience usually consists of the partisans whose views he reinforces, plus the few who hate his guts but listen out of a compulsive masochism.

The value of these men to the formation of an informed public is real but limited. No one except the telephone company's line-monitor listens to the nicely balanced total of a network's commentators. And by listening to one's favorites only, as a person almost inevitably does, it is possible to live out one's life without hearing a broadcast word which does not prove how right one is.

The second policy on commentary is that of the Columbia Broadcasting System. With a distinctive character and the largest staff in network news, the CBS News organization has been highly successful both in terms of listener popularity and professional achievement. Its history is instructive.

IN the mid-thirties, when radio reporting hardly existed, two men decided that radio news broadcasting had a future. One was William S. Paley, network board chairman, and the other was Edward Klauber, a former editor of the New York *Times,* then a CBS vice president. Paley initiated a policy of present-

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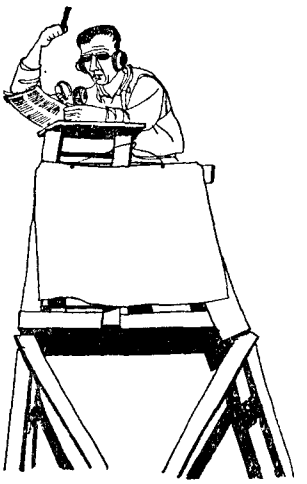
ing the news, pausing, and then presenting an "analysis" (and the network prefers to call its interpretive broadcasters "analysts" rather than "commentators").

The duty of the analyst was stated by the network in 1939:

> . . . What news analysts are entitled to do and should do is to elucidate and illuminate the news out of common knowledge, or special knowledge possessed by them or made available to them by this organization through its news sources. They should point out the facts on both sides, show contradictions with the known record, and so on. They should bear in mind that in a democracy it is important that people not only should know but should understand, and it is the analyst's function to help the listener to understand, to weigh, and to judge, but not to do the judging for him.
>
> It is impossible, within any reasonable limits, to define completely this last-mentioned aspect of news analysis. Fairness and temperateness are of its essence.

This policy was summarized by Paul White, CBS' ex-news chief, the most distinguished editor radio news has produced and a principal figure in the development of the network's service. He said of the omniscient brand of commentator, "No one knows *that* much."



The news was to be illuminated, but there were to be no crusades or polemics. In several disputes, notably that during the war which led to the resignation of correspondent and analyst Cecil Brown, White maintained the principle that no arbitrary judgments or opinions were to be broadcast without at least some such qualification as, "it is the conclusion of this reporter that," or "one opinion is that. . . ." CBS' Edward R. Murrow has remarked, "I sometimes wish for a whistle or bell which I could sound during my program—something which would indicate to the listener: 'you have just heard what is ascertainable fact about today's events; you are about to hear one fallible man's opinion of what those facts mean.' I try to do it without the bell."

Murrow is undoubtedly the best-known of CBS' news broadcasters. The CBS network's European news chief during the war, he returned to the United States to become a vice president of the network. Dissatisfied with administrative work, he resigned his post to become once again an active broadcaster. He still is, however, a member of CBS' board of directors. A featured member of the group of newsmen organized under the title of "CBS News," he prepares his broadcasts with the help of a separate staff. On his nightly radio program he frequently takes very specific stands on national issues, and on his televised documentary, "See It Now," he has made some strong personal judgments, the most celebrated one on the character of Senator McCarthy. The judgments are voiced in tones which have been compared with those which might be expected of the Deity, but they usually have the human disclaimer, "it would seem to this reporter that. . . ."

He has said, "I think it provable that there is no such thing as a wholly objective reporter. Every man sees things through the glass of his own education and experience." This is a considerable understatement, and projects the question of whether the ideal of unbiased news reporting is attainable. The CBS policy statement quoted above lays down a principle, but it is a principle difficult to apply in the highly personal medium of the news broadcast. Larry Lesueur, CBS United Nations correspondent, told this writer: "There is no exact formula which determines what I may or may not say in my broadcasts. An editor reads my script, but I have never been questioned on anything other than slips of fact." (And even if there were strict censorship of scripts, a speaker's emphasis could altogether alter the meaning of a statement. Elmer Davis is a commentator with a notable, and frequently funny, command of the powers of emphasis.)

THE ideal of objectivity would seem to depend on the intent of reporters and analysts. In this, CBS has a good tradition. Beginning with Paley, Klauber and White, through Murrow and current network president Frank Stanton, CBS News has been marked by responsibility and what might be called a humility before the fact. Lesueur went to the heart of the matter when he remarked, "We are newsmen, not pitchmen." Murrow echoed him in speaking of the occasions when he and his wartime colleagues get together: "Down towards the bottom of the bottle, the talk always turns serious." A *New Yorker* profile of Murrow says that during the war CBS executives were sometimes irked because the newsmen he was hiring in Europe were poor broadcasters. He always replied, "I'm hiring reporters, not announcers."*

*There is one exception to this rule on CBS: Lowell Thomas. Thomas is an old-fashioned practitioner of the resonant vacuity. A featured newscaster, like Murrow, he works separately from the news organization itself. He broadcasts from home, rarely is seen at CBS, and in the eyes of many other CBS newsmen is "an entertainer." The other staff members are reporters or political specialists (such as Alexander Kendrick, Vienna correspondent, an expert on Soviet satellite affairs, or Howard K. Smith, European chief, who is one of the most thoughtful and serious political writers in the news profession). Some, like Eric Sevareid and Edward P. Morgan, are essayists of real distinction who write as entertainingly on the narcissistic delusions of journalism, or Central Park in the spring, as they do informatively on political affairs.

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The independence of the news staff has brought pressure to CBS to drop analysts who have offended certain groups. Howard Smith has come in for criticism for his association with *The Nation*. Kendrick has been listed by *Red Channels*, the publication which reports the allegedly Communist or Communist-front associations of people in the radio and entertainment industries. As a whole, the CBS News staff can certainly be called "liberal" or "internationalist"; Murrow, who hired most of the correspondents, acknowledges that they are in general agreement on political affairs. He says that he made no effort to select people who shared his own views, and adds: "I think there is this much to be said. All of our correspondents went through much the same experience during the war. We have all worked abroad. These things have influenced us in similar ways."

There certainly are examples to sustain the thesis that the nature of modern news reporting seems inevitably to lead to bias. Witness the "one-party press" of the last Presidential campaign and the change of *Time* and *Life* from newsmagazines to opinion magazines. Other publications, such as the New York *Times* and *Newsweek*, are experimenting with techniques which will enable them to continue "objective" reporting and at the same time deal with lies in the news. *Time* has a different approach. Inserting definitely partisan judgments into many domestic news stories, it justifies its policy by an appeal to the theories of "interpretive reporting." In times as disturbed and invective-laden as these, the problem clearly is not confined to broadcasting.

CBS has almost always managed to maintain its pause between news and analysis. But in recent years the analyses have come to include more and more judgments. CBS analysts have in past weeks made judgments on the Bricker Amendment and military aid to Pakistan, among other issues. They have gravely, if soberly and implicitly, criticized Senator McCarthy. These things may be challenged, but chiefly on the grounds that they violate the traditional policy of the network itself. What is serious is that CBS has also permitted judgments to enter into straight news reports. Don Hollenbeck's WCBS-TV news broadcast which followed the famous McCarthy edition of "See It Now" rightly characterized itself as a supplementary report to the Murrow show, and an anti-McCarthy tone has been evident in other CBS News broadcasts.

This encroachment of opinion into news reports appears to be due, ironically enough, to the special position held by Edward Murrow which has done so much to make CBS News the extraordinarily good agency it is. As the dominant personality in the news operation, and a network executive too ("you might say that Ed is [Board Chairman] Paley's conscience," a CBS man has remarked), he has been pace-setter for the news agency. "We know that we can weep on Ed's shoulder, that we can ignore pressures as long as he is here. You could call him the newsman's representative in the publisher's office, and the publisher's representative in the newsroom," a CBS analyst says. Murrow himself remarked about unfriendly mail and pressure campaigns, "I never worry about that stuff." Since before the war, he, more than any other individual, has set the tone of CBS News.

Now, the corrosive crisis of suspicion and intolerance has forced Murrow himself to become (perhaps a bit to his own surprise) a crusader, a leader of those who feel that Senator McCarthy represents a threat to traditional American values. Prominent in this group are the liberals, and Murrow has already begun to receive the swarming embraces which in the past have been visited upon Adlai Stevenson and Elmer Davis. (Perhaps there soon will be a special issue of the *New Republic* dedicated to this newest of the heroes.) Once Murrow is considered a liberal leader, his public position will be fundamentally altered. It may not be too much to say that then Edward Murrow would be finished as a non-partisan analyst. In any event, from now on, the liberals will automatically praise, the McCarthy supporters will damn. Murrow may thus, perhaps quite deliberately, have made a greater personal sacrifice to the cause of civil liberties and honorable discussion than almost any other public figure in America.

WHATEVER the effect on Murrow's career, it will be interesting to see what happens to CBS News itself. If it should become thought of as partisan in reporting the news, even though the cause is a wholly admirable one, then a genuine ideal will have died and a giant will have fallen.

If CBS does not lose its reputation for impartial and responsible reporting, it will not be due so much to the fine policy statements of the past as to the caliber of the reporters themselves. "We are newsmen," Lesueur said. The profession of the newsman is perhaps harder to practice today than at any other time in American history. There are these problems of complexity and secrecy; of the public figure who lies and of the public agency which merchandizes its information; of the psychological warrior and the press agent. There is the historically unique status of diplomacy, inevitably interrelated with public opinion and the press, now death-filled in its responsibility, a hydrogen bomb the penalty of failure. In these layers of information and misinformation, of ideology and of malice, is hidden that logarithmic equation. In considering how the press reorganizes and rethinks its mission, a certain reassurance may be drawn from the circumstance that fact, like mathematics, has always been known to give men a kind of pure joy.

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THE SCREEN

FATHER KNOWS BEST

WITHOUT messing around with any of Wordsworth's sentimentalities about youth, "The Lonely Night" gets right down to the business of illustrating that childhood is the time for working out problems. This extraordinary film, a sixty-five-minute documentary produced by Irving Jacoby (who also directed and wrote the script) and Willard Van Dyke, will remind you at times of "The Quiet One," that fine movie of several years ago which dealt with the psychological case history of a maladjusted Negro child. The main difference is that "The Lonely Night" has for its central character an adult, a woman who, although she doesn't realize she's hanging on to her therapist mainly out of fear of being rejected again, is well on the road to recovery by way of the fact that she recognizes that she has a problem and is seeking help.

What makes "The Lonely Night" so remarkable as a film is that this story is told not as an illustrated lecture on how psychotherapy works but through the cinema medium in which the visuals are as important as the narration. Effectively contrasted with the scenes showing the neurotic Caroline re-living her past with her psychotherapist, are short sequences in which the relationships of a normal family are worked out.

Another remarkable thing about "The Lonely Night" is its good cast, most of whom are non-professionals. Actress Marian Seldes gives a moving performance as the tortured Caroline. And I'm glad to report that the contrasting "normal family" scenes are not all sweetness and light; nor is a rosy, serene future predicted for Caroline even though she has grown emotionally and has learned that there's a right time to cry, laugh, be angry, and be in love.

ANOTHER new film that has other things to say about psychiatry is "Knock on Wood." The lady psychiatrist in this case is carrying on a romance with her male patient, played by Danny Kaye, who bubbles with his usual charm. When "Knock on Wood" has Danny carrying on with song and dance it is very funny indeed, but the picture gets bogged down by its complicated plot about spies and blueprints for a new weapon (blueprints which are hidden in the heads of ventriloquist Kaye's two dummies) and I found myself sitting through these lengthy espionage episodes only waiting for Kaye and the fun.

Written, produced and directed by Norman Panama and Melvin Frank, "Knock on Wood" shows Danny, a product of an unhappy home life, with a strong aversion to marriage—but of course it takes pretty Mai Zetterling, as the psychiatrist, no time at all to re-do Danny as well as his dummies. I wish "Knock on Wood" had more of Kaye doing his wonderful specialty numbers; the psychiatry sessions would have lent themselves well to his kind of double-talk nonsense. But perhaps I shouldn't gripe. The satirical ballet sequence is a riot, and Danny is in his best style singing the hilarious ballad by Sylvia Fine called "The Drastic, Livid History of Monohan O'Han."

ALLEN Rivkin had a good idea in writing the script of "Prisoner of War," but somehow the film makers got over-enthusiastic and the result, instead of being a semi-documentary on what happened to soldiers who were captured by the Reds in Korea, is a hopped-up melodrama about deprivation and torture with all the UN fighters standing as symbols of goodness and all the Koreans and Russians being the personification of evil.

The plot, in which Ronald Reagan is commissioned to be captured by the Reds to learn what the prison camps are like, is interesting enough; if Director Andrew Marton had allowed his good cast to carry on in a simple and realistic manner, this film could have been quite instructive. But piling cruelty on torture, the material becomes only a succession of grim details. Reagan, Steve Forrest, Dewey Martin, Oscar Homolka, Darryl Hickman and all the others in this large all-male cast do well enough with their roles, but the cards are stacked against them.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"THE MURROW SHOW"

Ithaca, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Although I admire Mr. Cogley's ability to criticize spokesmen on his own side of the political fence, I feel that I must take issue with "The Murrow Show" [March 26].

There is an essential difference between the methods employed in demonstrating positive evil in a particular situation and those used in indicating objectively the pros and cons of a given issue. It is not necessary, for instance, to point out the number of lives a doctor has saved while proving that he is an abortionist. An alleged murderer may be a kindly husband and father but this would have little relevance in a criminal proceeding. In the same manner Buchenwald adequately demonstrates the evils of the Hitler regime. McCarthy's abuse of a Congressional committee's investigative function and the consequent carnage to basic American

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liberties, if properly understood, would be condemned by all but the most totalitarian-minded of American citizens as such a positive evil.

Mr. Murrow's job in this case is to present these abuses as he sees them. If he can show a continuing pattern of abuse then no amount of morality in other aspects of the Senator's life has any bearing on his fitness to head a Congressional committee. Similarly, if it can be shown that he lacks personal integrity and will use any means to further his own political position, then no matter how well he looks as a bridegroom or how many Communists he has exposed, he is still unqualified to hold a Senate seat.

GEORGE A. SMITH.

Good point. But what bothered me was the precedent set for the use of selective film clips to illustrate a partisan political thesis. With this technique, commercially sponsored TV can become a deadly political weapon and can be used against anybody the sponsor or the commentator is out to "get."—J.C.

Pittsburgh, Penna.

TO the Editors: When is the McCarthy "pro" but mostly "con" issue to be ended in your magazine?

Surely there are more important matters to be presented and more serious problems to be discussed. The moaning and groaning over "McCarthyism" might suggest that The Commonweal is becoming the Commonwail.

I have pretty well determined my judgment on McCarthy and so has The Commonweal. Let's on to new fields of discovery of solutions to many disturbing world affairs.

In reading "The Murrow Show," I thought that I detected an adoring attitude towards Mr. Murrow on the part of Mr. Cogley. Personally I think that Mr. Murrow has a sly manner in slanting news. . . .

T. B. LAPPAN.

As long as Senator McCarthy keeps up his headline-a-day pace, we're stuck with him; and so is the nation and the world.

THE EDITORS.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: The "See It Now" program has not gotten by without comment on its potential danger. Jack Gould, the New York *Times* television reporter, in the March 21 issue of that paper also expressed concern over the possibility of selective accounts or views of the news being used by demagogic commentators. No doubt, the danger of this kind of abuse of the news is serious and will tempt the ingenious political reporter to make use of the carefully chosen word, the carefully selected newsreel sequence. That this method has been utilized before both on the radio and in the press cannot be denied. That it has been employed on television to a lesser degree is also manifest. It is inevitable that in the future this method of reporting will be used frequently on television. It can misinform the public; that is true. That it can present the truth is also true. Yet if the choice were to be given to the public, between the quiet, ordered type of dodging-the-issues broadcasting that has been sponsored in the past, and the method fostered by Mr. Murrow, I would choose Mr. Murrow's method. Television reporting has been serene long enough, delicately tiptoeing on all major issues and not hitting directly at the facts, not thoroughly evaluating the problems. Action was what was needed and action was what we got on "See It Now."

I am glad that John Cogley took the space to point out that reportorial abuses may be given impetus because of this telecast, but I am also glad that Edward R. Murrow took the time to say what he felt.

Although obviously motivated by a sense of fair play, the article painted an exaggerated picture of Senator McCarthy's being ill-treated by the "See It Now" presentation. It was said that McCarthy has no adequate defense against this type of programming. What else can McCarthy call on but his own words to defend himself? He has no defense. Whose speech did Murrow use but McCarthy's to illustrate his points? And if we were to see and read all of the words of Senator McCarthy, unchanged, we would still get the same impression of the man's methods emphasized by Mr. Murrow's selective film clippings. As for its being a one-man show, without the influence of any of those who disagreed with Murrow's evaluation of McCarthy, what else could it be at this time? Have we not had enough McCarthyism from which to draw upon for opposing opinions to be able to evaluate what Murrow did? I know Mr. Cogley is going to say he quarrels not with the ideas presented by Murrow but with the method of presentation. I think his fears, although plausible, are unwarranted in this particular case. The program was right for the time and should have been produced. The method used by Murrow will be abused, but that is the price we have to pay for action, the chance we have to take when we express ourselves.

ALEX KEMENY.

"RELIGION IN SPAIN"

Greenwich, Conn.

TO the Editors: The recent report on the state of religion among Spanish workers, as taken from *Ecclesia* and widely reported in the American press, is an unusually enlightening study for anyone genuinely interested in understanding Spain. I was, therefore, pleased to see you editorialize on this vital subject [February 19] because I felt that your interpretation would not only place this report in its proper perspective, but would also serve to assess its true significance.

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However, after reading your comments, I find that I must disagree with your conclusions. Moreover, as you know, I have never been one to indulge in what you describe very appropriately as "the inordinate romanticizing done by some over Catholic Spain." I hope you will give me the opportunity to present what I believe is a more accurate interpretation of the meaning of *Ecclesia's* report. As authority for what I say, I offer two extensive visits to that country in the past year and considerable personal inquiry into the precise subject of your editorial.

First of all, may I mention that not more than six months ago, a prominent Spanish Jesuit told me exactly what *Ecclesia* has now said. I single him out because at that time I sensed a general reluctance, among both ecclesiastical and lay Catholics whom I interrogated in Spain, to recognize what is now reported regarding the workers' attitude towards religion. I believe the facts were quite apparent then, yet understandable shame seemed to prevent them from admitting the realities of this situation. Hence, the reaction was generally to minimize the problem and cite examples of tangible efforts that have been and are being made to correct this condition.

As I see it, *Ecclesia's* report is a rather remarkable development. It means that the Church has finally decided to bring this problem out in the open, admit its failure and work for new solutions to return the worker to religious practice. It seems to me that unless we realize what a departure this means—to recognize fallibility frankly and to recite at length how serious this problem is—we are not giving this report proper significance. It should be hailed as a healthy sign of self-criticism and prospective improvement.

Your editorial, after pointing out how discouraging *Ecclesia's* report is, goes on to say: "that it should not be surprising to anyone aware of the realities of social and economic life in Franco Spain." I wish this point had been spelled out more fully, because otherwise one is led to the conclusion, as I have been, that these realities are responsible for the continuation of this condition of irreligion in the Spanish proletariat. I think the conclusion drawn by you is an over-simplification of a very complex subject.

In the first place, the conditions about which *Ecclesia* talks are not really new. The loss of the vast majority of Spanish workers as practicing Catholics is a phenomenon that has been developing over a period of nearly one hundred years, under all types of governments: republics, constitutional monarchies, military dictatorships and finally, Franco. It is not a defense of the present regime to say that for many reasons, some perhaps idealistic, but mostly for self-preservation, it has done much to assist the Church (the propriety of these methods is not being discussed) in its efforts to restore the workers to a religious outlook.

Then, if we examine social and economic life conditions for workers under the present Government, it will be found that great stress is placed by it on wooing labor, which for the most part favored the Loyalist cause during the Civil War. It is true that free labor unions do not exist and that strikes are forbidden. However, the Government has endeavored to compensate for the loss of these rights by much labor and social legislation that has tangibly benefited this class of society. A point has been made to increase its purchasing power by compulsory wage increases and by keeping down the price of basic commodities, such as bread and oil. It is better off today, relatively speaking, than the white collar workers. In short, labor is, for the most part, a less than enthusiastic yet not an unwilling beneficiary of the Government's determination to avoid the recurrence of social and economic conditions that could lead to labor strife or an increase in Marxian activity.

You must pardon my rather lengthy description of social and economic conditions as they affect labor, because inadequate as they may be, the label "Franco" does not properly explain, as your editorial implies, the discouraging conditions *Ecclesia* reports. The loss of such a large percentage of workers as practicing believers is a characteristic phenomenon of most Latin countries. Remarkably similar reports on the working class would, I think, obtain for Italy and France, where democratic regimes are in power, and I believe you will agree that it would be most improper and illogical for us to attribute this condition to their present governments. In these countries also, the problem and its causes are not rooted so much in the present as in the past.

Responsibility would seem to lie rather with the Church itself. Gerald Brenan brings this out very forcefully in his *Spanish Labyrinth* when he points out that when the Church ceased to be the Church of the people, as it was in the days of Vittoria, Suarez and other illustrious defenders of the people's rights, unwittingly or otherwise, it became identified in the eyes of the masses as the spokesman or instrumentality of a particular class or classes, and it was precisely then that the Spanish worker began to stop practicing his religion and eventually fell prey to Marxian socialism, anarchism, syndicalism, communism, etc. A comparable development could be traced in Italy and France.

I think we should all applaud *Ecclesia's* forthright report and hope it will bring about a new approach to labor on the part of the Spanish ecclesiastical authorities, and that its example will encourage similar examinations of conscience and *mea culpas* in many other countries where the same problem exists and where it is customary to minimize its existence or to blame its prevalence on alien influences.

CHARLES HENRY LEE.

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"The Greatest European Poet of His Century"

BAUDELAIRE: A Study of His Poetry. By Martin Turnell. New Directions. $5.

By WALLACE FOWLIE

TO his earlier studies on the French classical theater (*The Classical Moment*), on the history of the novel (*The Novel in France*), and on Jacques Rivière, Martin Turnell now adds a book on Baudelaire, the major portion of which is devoted to an analysis of the poetry. In 1936 and 1947, Mr. Turnell published two essays on Jules Laforgue which revealed his sensitivity to the art of poetry and his knowledge of the complexities of the modern poetic movement. In the foreword of this new book, he tells us that he has been reading Baudelaire constantly for twenty-five years, and that what was intended to be a chapter in a different book turned out to be an entire book on the French poet. This long familiarity with Baudelaire is in evidence throughout this new book. It is so organized that one moves from the more simple to the more difficult. After a discussion of the poet's biography, followed by a detailed analysis of the poems considered in their position in the *Fleurs du Mal,* Mr. Turnell presents, in the final chapter on "style," some valuable suggestions and notes on Baudelaire's versification, language and imagery.

This new work will add considerably to Mr. Turnell's stature and influence as critic. With it, he imposes himself as a critic in the great tradition, able to move from genre to genre, able to treat with the same illuminating power a tragedy or a novel or a poem. He places himself centrally within the orbit of his author, but never forgets the relationship of the author with his period and with past periods, and never neglects the significant picture of a work of art in its relationship with other works of art.

As introduction to the long section on "the interpretation of the *Fleurs du Mal,*" which analyzes the prologue and the six groups of poems, Mr. Turnell provides a brief chapter on Baudelaire's longest poem, *Le Voyage*. It is almost a thesis chapter. At least it is a general theory of Baudelaire's art and a clue to the kind of reading and interpretation the English critic is offering us. He sees the poem as a "circular tour," a movement of expansion and contraction, as well as a summing-up of the themes of Baudelaire's book, and the poet's comment on contemporary civilization. Dante, in the *Divine Comedy,* moved toward an acknowledged goal. But Baudelaire's goal remained unknown. The logical universe described by Dante is far different from Baudelaire's Paris. The modern traveler returns to his starting point, although in the course of his travels, Baudelaire considers all the spiritual problems of his age.

Throughout the long central chapter on "The Interpretation of the *Fleurs du Mal,*" Mr. Turnell argues persuasively the existence of a plan, an architecture, in Baudelaire's book. His method is twofold. Although he mentions almost all the poems, he analyzes only those which seem to him the most successful and the most striking. But he is also concerned with the relationship of a single poem to the entire work, and often calls upon several poems in order to explain a given image and to point out its significance in the full scheme of Baudelaire's art. No matter how detailed the exegesis be, as in the discussion of "La Chevelure," which Mr. Turnell considers one of the greatest poems of Baudelaire, he constantly sees the range and the force of a single poem as signs pointing toward the range and the force of all art.

Thus, he relates the function of woman's hair in "La Chevelure" to the function of the *petite madeleine* in Proust's novel. He often refers to Racine's treatment of the primary emotions in an effort to explain Baudelaire's analysis of the same emotions as well as the multiple subsidiary feelings which distinguish Baudelaire's writings from Racine's. In many instances, Mr. Turnell stresses Baudelaire's complexity and his tendency toward amplification. Each poem is looked upon as an interior voyage, resembling the general pattern of *Le Voyage,* which has no limit and no end.

Such a soundly critical book as this will send the readers to the poems themselves. The critic provides a way of approach to a book which is not open to everyone. Mr. Turnell's feeling for Baudelaire is very real and very deep. He would be, I think, the first to claim that an appreciation of Baudelaire is possible only in that kind of reader who has some need of him, who is willing to be initiated and accustomed to him. If the reader has no need of Baudelaire, not much can be done in the way of arousing enthusiasm. The history of the *Fleurs du Mal* and the history of Baudelairian criticism confirm this impression. Contemporaries, such as Sainte-Beuve and Gautier, failed to realize Baudeliare's greatness. Younger men, like Mallarmé and Rimbaud (who was to call him "the first seer and the king of poets"), approached him because they were able to recognize themselves in his work. And many today are able to do the same.

Mr. Turnell is fully cognizant of the vast literature which has grown up around Baudelaire, from the time of the early scandal associated with the first publication in 1857, to the most recent views today. He knows that even those critics who admire Baudelaire unreservedly hesitate to place him in the first ranks of modern artists, not only because of themes of decadence and morbidity, but also because of weak lines and clichés which exist in the *Fleurs du Mal.* In the final chapter on stylistics, which might have been published separately since it is not the same genre of criticism as the rest of the book, Mr. Turnell studies the language and the rhetorical devices of the poet. His conclusions are drawn from his own analysis, and they are uttered with conviction: Baudelaire has become the greatest European poet of his century.

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Novellas

NEW SHORT NOVELS. By Jean Stafford, Shelby Foote, Elizabeth Etnier, and Clyde Miller. Ballantine. 35c.

By PATRICK F. QUINN

IN her book on modern American fiction, the French critic Claude-Edmonde Magny offers a sensible explanation of why there is today so great a demand for novels, no matter how bad, rather than for collections of short stories, no matter how good. A novel is easier. Once into it, the reader need make no major mental or emotional readjustments. As the narrative unwinds, new situations arise out of old; and though the characters develop in the course of the novel, they become in this way more fully revealed and better understood. A volume of short stories, however, asks for the exercise of more imaginative agility than most people care to expend. In Mlle. Magny's words: "When faced with a collection of stories, even the most avid and sophisticated reader pauses to compute the effort involved in identifying himself with one of the characters—not once only but seven or eight times in a row."

Whatever the calculus employed, the prospective buyer usually settles for a novel. Book publishers know this. Hence their fervent interest in novels and their assumption that every short story writer is really a novelist at heart. It is a rare event in the publishing world when a new writer is launched with a collection of stories. If he is to get a book of that sort into print he must earn the privilege by turning out a couple of novels first. This law of modern literary life is not, to be sure, enforced with maximum rigor. But it operates rigorously enough to confine most writers of fiction to either the short story, on the one hand, or the novel, "book-length," on the other. Tending to get lost in this fast and commercially exigent shuffle is the narrative of intermediate length, the short novel, the novella. From ten to thirty thousand words in length, it is seldom appropriate to either magazine or book publication. Yet in this wing of the house of fiction we find such masterworks as *The Turn of the Screw, Billy Budd, Death in Venice*. None of these new short novels belongs in that rare company, but they make an excellent quartet of their own. The publishing experiment this book represents is to be applauded and should be repeated.

Although the title page lists the four authors presumably in order of rank or prestige, their stories are presented in an ascending order of interest. The first entry, Shelby Foote's "Ride Out," is the least successful. It concerns the rise—meteoric, of course—and catastrophic fall of a Negro horn-player, a genius in jazz but in other respects hardly more than a moron. Since there is so little *personality* here, the author's evident sympathy for his hero is bound to appear excessive, and the result is an elaborate and sentimental case-history.

Next in line, Elizabeth Etnier's "The Willow" is a less ambitious

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production, but all the more effective for being so. On an island off the Maine coast, a young couple attempt to preserve their fey notion of reality by living in a tiny house under the spell and protection of a giant willow. In time their dream is uprooted. Like "Ride Out," this too is a story of defeat, but told with greater insight and with greater command of tone. Detached yet sympathetic, Miss Etnier's writing recalls both the bleak realism of *Ethan Frome* and the human warmth of Sarah Orne Jewett.

Clyde Miller's "The Gentle Season" is a remarkably good performance by a young writer who makes his first important appearance in this book. There is nothing imitative about his talent, but he has evidently learned much from the best work of Sherwood Anderson and the first three stories in Joyce's *Dubliners*. One summer in a small southern town, a young adolescent learns something of the cross-purposes, the deceits and conceits, of adult affairs. Banal? It could be, but Mr. Miller overcomes that and other difficulties because he knows what feeling is and how it is conveyed. The editor of *New Short Novels,* Mary Louise Aswell, seems especially proud of this one, and with good reason.

"It was my misfortune almost always to draw as partner a Hungarian dipsomaniac called Countess Tisza who for many years had been working on a life of Walther von der Vogelweide." This sentence has Jean Stafford's signature all over it. Even in isolation, quoted out of context, it is a fair sample of the unique flavor of "A Winter's Tale." The final story in the book is the shortest of the four, the most richly embroidered, and by all odds the strangest. It would be madness on my part to attempt to condense it. What matters is that Miss Stafford, in one or two effortless sentences, can animate characters as bizarre as Countess Tisza. Yet we assent at once. They exist, they are credible. The story as a whole is not, but if a less gifted writer had tried to bring it off the results would be preposterous.

Faith and Fact

THE HOLY FOOT. By Robert Romanis. Dutton. $3.

By RILEY HUGHES

YOU must believe, first of all, that the left foot of Saint Stephen, Martyr, had found its way, somewhat before the eighth century, to an obscure village in southern Italy. There it was triumphantly venerated by the villagers on their mountain perch until an improvident nobleman plotted to steal it. The relic was saved, at the cost of its disappearance for centuries, when it was secretly buried by the future patron saint of the village, Prior Antonio, whose own consequent martyrdom was particularly harrowing.

At the time of our story, still "several hundred years ago," the village of Sant' Antonio is a contented and peaceful community of two hunded souls, led by a wise and devoted priest and an innkeeper not overly grasping. Quite unlike the "thor-

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oughly go-ahead little town" of Assisi, but singularly blessed nonetheless. One gets to know in these pages every overhanging inch of the village built crazily on the cliff, every square of its churlish and unproductive ground so painfully terraced into farms the size of a nobleman's table. Its inhabitants, whose speech is sauced with twentieth-century British colloquialisms, have a passionate sense of their own honor; thus they enliven custom with an occasional catastrophe.

It was Biagio Quintana, a leathery old man needing all his energies merely to remain alive, who found what appeared to be the long-lost foot of Stephen. Father Sansone knew at once that Biagio's find (perhaps through earth's chemistry, perhaps directly God's) was marble, but he viewed the foot with the willing faith of the villagers. Wasn't the young man nicknamed "Legione" cured of his madness the moment the foot was found? In no time the foot was working its miracle in the hearts of the villagers, and they were setting about constructing a shrine for it. But Giacomino, a native of the village and a Grey Franciscan just back from preaching to the Saracen, pronounced the foot an impious pagan fraud. Village honor and, much the same thing, village interest, are engaged and challenged as Father Sansone and the Franciscan have it out.

They are still at impasse when the bishop arrives with a retinue almost equal to the village's population. His lordship reads the friar a stiff lecture on humility, which he considers as "staying on your own side of the boundary." It is, he says, "my humility to know that time is greater than my life, and mankind wider than my body." What would have happened to break this further deadlock nobody knows, for just then the villagers turn into a savage mob; and right afterward old Biagio makes a further, and most humiliating find. But even the final catastrophe becomes a *felix culpa* as faith and fact merge in this witty, tender, and reverent reading of the uses men make of one another.

Femme Fatale

LUCREZIA BORGIA. By Maria Bellonci. Translated by Bernard and Barbara Wall. Harcourt, Brace. $5.

By JEAN HOLZHAUER

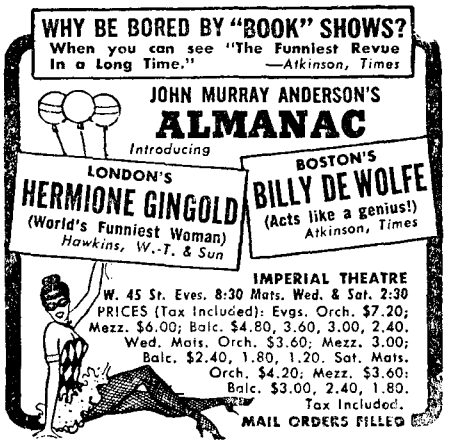
A REVIEWER for the London *Times Literary Supplement,* who read this biography in its original Italian as well as in the English translation at hand, has noted recurrent and serious inaccuracies in the translation. Although such observation is beyond the scope of the present reviewer, it deserves mention because the book is advertised as a definitive study, and because its appeal must certainly be to that segment of the reading public known as "scholarly."

Signora Bellonci was seven years in the preparation of *Lucrezia Borgia;* her book has won two Italian literary awards and has been previously translated into seven other languages. Her sources included the Vatican libraries, records of the courts of Ferrara and Mantua and diplomatic correspondence of the Renaissance.

The author has been widely praised for objectivity and impartiality, no doubt justly. In her treatment the awesome legend of Lucrezia Borgia is reduced to its probably true proportions: the subject emerges as a pretty, somewhat colorless woman, neither remarkably intelligent nor remarkably wicked, born into a family notorious for its intelligence, color—and wickedness.

As might be expected, so exhaustive a research as Signora Bellonci's has turned up a good many fascinating details on both the historical and the human interest level. The internecine battles of the intricate Borgia family range from Lucrezia's with her father-in-law over the amount of her allowance, to eye-gouging, murder, and imprisonments.

There is a wealth of description of court protocol, clothes, parties, dancing, and romance licit and illicit. (Rather surprisingly, only two of the illicit romances involved Lucrezia—a very modest number for her life and times.)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Along with its highly topical editorial comment The Commonweal will publish, this spring, a number of readable articles of considerable scope and human interest. Among features scheduled for coming weeks are:

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on McCarthy and his critics

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Unhappily for the popular success that the book might have enjoyed, the wealth of description turns out to be rather an embarrassment of riches. Either the author or her translators depend heavily on the flat, informative statement; one constantly encounters passages like: "Lucrezia and Alfonso were by now worn out mentally and physically by the long months of wrangling and illness and anxiety, and they agreed to separate for a while. Alfonso declared that during his wife's illness he had made a vow to go on a pilgrimage to Our Lady of Loreto. His original vow had been to go on foot, but on his father's insistence and with a Papal dispensation, he was now going on horseback instead."

Even in the midst of historical treasures, it is impossible not to wish that so pedestrian a narrative might have received similar dispensation and might also have gone on horseback instead.

Prize Winners

PRIZE STORIES 1954. Edited by Paul Engle and Hansford Martin. Doubleday. $3.95.

By GEORGE MILES

TWENTY-THREE stories have been chosen by Paul Engle, the well known poet, and his colleague, Hansford Martin, for the O. Henry collection.

The chief function of this series is to bring stories which "enter the domain of permanent literary merit" to the attention of a wide public. The editors believe that the only thing a short story should be is "a brief fictional narrative that achieves an aesthetic effect of emotional depth which, at first glance, would seem to be out of proportion to the apparently simple scope of the work." They hope to present writers who are "predominantly concerned with the discovery and presentation of those values beyond the reach or interest of the professional entertainer." These principles are not, perhaps, unassailable, but they do, at least, offer a basis for examination and judgment of the stories.

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They are, generally, good, honest and effective pieces. And their goodness points to the unconvincing quality of current novels. It's significant that about half of the sketches deal with children or childhood. The experiences and emotions described, the language and the sensations, have been truly felt and understood, and, having been derived from a time when the senses were especially acute, the recreation is invariably in terms of strong images of sight and sound and touch and taste. The need for artificial analysis and the stilted symbol has not been felt; the cerebral maunderings which suffocate many novels are missing.

This is true of the three prize-winning stories. Thomas Mabry's "The Indian Feather" unfolds the passage of an innocent boy to an unexpected sight of evil in a series of clear-cut scenes. The boy's life has been saved by a man who had taken him hunting and he has begun to look on the man as his hero. Then he surprises the older person preparing for an adulterous meeting. Some memorable words appear in the closing moments. The sentences have obvious antecedents but they are, nevertheless, refreshing and uncommon items.

> Even in the faint light he could see that Mr. Kirk was queerly smiling. He looked away, toward the waiting tables and the vacant dollies, toward the half-filled hogsheads and the shadowy mounds of tobacco, and still turning, his gaze shifted to the door where outside the sharp rain was rapidly changing the cinder path to mud. It was raining harder now. It was raining on the Negro houses across the alley, and on the yard at home. It was raining on the whole town, raining on the little skiff tied at the dark water's edge and on the twisting glassy river itself. And far away, down at the river's bend, it was raining on the long bluff.

The second prize-winner describes the reaction of a mother and a father to news that a son has been killed in war. The final "compassionate grotesquerie" of the mother beating the drunken father apparently prompted the editors to choose this story by Clay Putnam.

Richard Wilbur's "A Game of Catch" won third prize with its accurate portrayal of the accents, the motions and the tempers of young boys in a brief, lean creation.

Despite the editors' words several stories are no more than entertainments, but even these are pleasant. And there are a couple of things that could be prize-winners in other days and other places, "Whistle and the Heroes" by Herbert Wilner, for example.

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REVIEWERS

Wallace Fowlie's books include *Rimbaud*, *Jacob's Night* and *Clowns and Angels*.

Patrick F. Quinn is a member of the English faculty at Wellesley College.

Riley Hughes teaches in the School of Foreign Service at Georgetown.

Jean Holzhauer is a critic who frequently contributes to this magazine.

George Miles is a midwestern businessman who frequently writes for The Commonweal on literary subjects.

PERSONAL

The Philadelphia Fellowship Committee, a private civic organization devoted to dispelling racial and religious discrimination and promoting intergroup understanding and cooperation, honored the Executive Editor of The Commonweal at its annual Membership Enrollment Dinner held in the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel on March 24.

Each year since 1949 the Commission has presented Fellowship Citations and an annual National Award to persons who in its judgment have made significant contributions to the organization's ideals. Past winners have included Eleanor Roosevelt, Ralph Bunche, Clement Attlee, Carlos P. Romulo, Arthur Koestler, John Hersey and Willard Motley. This year the Annual Award was presented by Mayor Clark of Philadelphia to Edward R. Murrow of CBS. Citations were given to Yaroslav J. Chyz, for his work in the foreign-language press; James Hicks, feature writer for the Afro-American newspapers; Morton Wishengrad, writer of the NBC programs "Eternal Light" and "Frontiers of Faith"; and John Cogley of The Commonweal. More than eleven hundred Philadelphians attended the dinner.

The citation given to the Executive Editor of The Commonweal reads: *"To John Cogley: For clear-cut, hard-hitting editorial and feature presentations of the moral imperatives to assure equal treatment and opportunities for all Americans. For substantial contributions through The Commonweal to America's growing recognition that the complete elimination of inequalities based on race, religion or national origin is the best, shortest and most reliable road to universal peace and brotherhood, the Philadelphia Fellowship Commission awards its National Citation as an abiding expression of appreciation and hope for continued success."*

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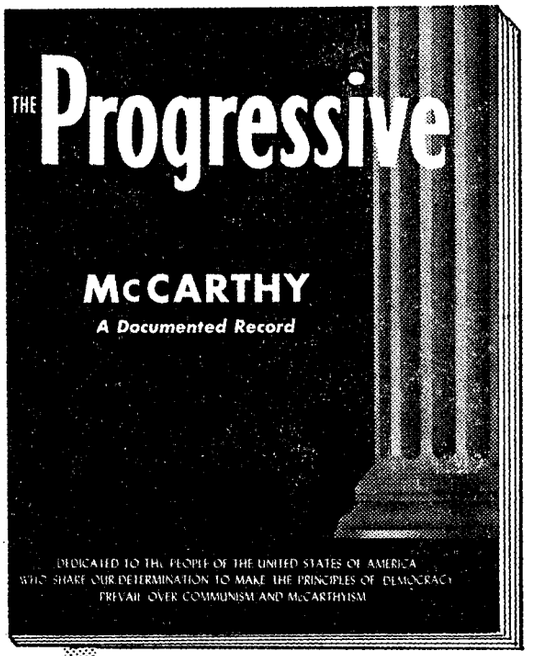
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